

Zion I & The Grouch feat. Chali 2na

"Too Much"

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[Verse 1-Chali 2na]

Yeah, some of us are caught up in false raptures,
watchin' the clock spin
Crooked cops shot unarmed innocent men
The law watches, the often caused conscious
People hustle illegal in times of lost options
Instance run with clever intent
The fish speaks with like an extinction level event
Is Los Angeles a devilish pit? Never forget
The areas with various sets, treat it like a terrorist
threat
And we should never accept
Mental incarceration, freedom or death, they need to
beat it, man
Brother bein' deleted man
Nine millimeters see the hands of people younger than
Peter Pan
Exposin' the truth, I'm closed in the booth
To show you the goose that's holdin' the noose
Some old, rich recluse controllin' the juice
While the destitute people put a hole in your suit, it's
Too Much

[Hook-Zion & Chali 2na (The Grouch)]

Ah, Too Much, too many people
(We all chase the buck, we all don't give a fuck)
Ah, Too Much, too many people
(We all got it tough, we all gon' live it up)
Ah, Too Much, too many people
(We all chase the buck, we all don't give a fuck)

[Verse 2-Zion]

Too Much, she doin' Too Much
Henny with the dutch, she about to lose touch
Stump with the blunt and, head like a pumpkin
Floss on the cross, rob her when she start stuntin'
Try to say somethin', but it sound like slurrrrrrr
Try to paint a picture, but it's all just blurrrrred
Truth told, got a heart made of gold
But the drank make her think she can kick it too cold
Actin' erratic like a killer on the row

Stackin' the cabbage, but she spend it at the show
At the bar, trickin' off like a star
Jack shots to the floor, now she's slizzled on the wall
Nothin' free in this life, little shorty
Was a school girl, now she just wanna party
Actin' all grown, when she's gone
Chuck it all out on the metro phone, she Too Much

[Hook-Zion & Chali 2na (The Grouch)]
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[Verse 3-The Grouch]
Gettin' stupid at the light, spinners on the scraper
East Bay slang, gang lookin' like Quakers
Man, y'all some Catholics, solve bad habits
About five deep on two-way gadgets
I move past it, but everyone in traffic
Seems like they lost their mind real rapid
Cameras on bumpers, screens and big thumpers
Chrome off the lot, and that's no wonder
It's Hip Hop, they got your daughter with a grill
Rap music, a beast that can't be killed
Scantily clad gold diggers wanna chill
And chase the dream in case it's real
Fake thugs entertain now with amateur raps
Droppin' names and slandering naps
Pandering, it's tough enough to claim it
We seen it before, it's just the same shit

[Hook-Zion & Chali 2na (The Grouch)]
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